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BY

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Conn.

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ADDRESS.

I RISE to address the trustees of Transylvania, and this audience, who favor me with their attention, under circumstances of considerable embarrassment. I come not hither, like some of my hearers, familiar with the themes of the lecturer, and dexterous, from practised skill, in the various theories of education. It is not mine to review veteran toils, undergone in urging tardy minds, along the highway of knowledge, and to gain an ear, as Æneas did, by the pathetic reminiscence,

> "———quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
> Et quorum pars magna fui."

But it is my honor to speak to a portion of my countrymen with whom frankness is self-commendatory, and an appeal to whose generous sufferance always finds a free response: I am therefore encouraged to proceed.

The station which the speaker occupies, and the occasion for which the present address is undertaken, may lead some to suppose, that no topic could be more fitting, than a view of what constitutes a finished education, and completes the accomplished scholar.

But if such minds as Plato's and Cicero's required volumes to portray a single frame of government, or the grace and fashion of a single art, it must be stout presumption to think of compressing one of the profoundest and most copious subjects,* into the space of an hour's harangue: unless, indeed, one were gifted with that endowment of "the spirit of the age,"

* "That education only," says Milton, "can be considered as complete and generous, which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."—Tractate of Education.

which can squeeze the hugest sciences into the tiny numbers of a "Family Library." Let me hope then, not too much to disappoint you, in assuming the novel office of a popular orator, and offering a few general and vague observations.

It is the misfortune of such indefinite and comprehensive addresses as this must be, that their topics are quite too broad and numerous. No mean authority has sanctioned the canon, that *one* idea is enough for a sermon. What then shall be done with a discourse, which the unthinking would have a miniature pandect, laboring under the weight of a thousand? A thousand, said I? Why the engineer would feel hampered, had he no more wherewith to detail the wonders of that almost necromancy, by which he makes you skim a watery surface with a swallow's grace and speed. But what sort of engineers, artists, manufacturers, mechanics, workies, (by whichever of these titles of republican nobility you please to style us,) are called to labor in academic halls? Those whose high and serious office it is to evolve, nerve, stimulate, and guide the noblest of all operative elements on this spot below—THOUGHT—the true electricity of the world of life, which, like that subtle agent honored with the name, may be a benefaction or a scourge, a joyous blessing or a paralyzing woe:—those who are to work with, and teach to work for itself, the greatest of created things—THE IMMORTAL MIND—a manufactory, to use the language of business, for ingredients of life or death—a spirit, to use the language of morals, which, if it reflect the image of its Maker, can win even his matchless approval, but which otherwise can darken and blight a paradise. Tremendous instrument! Yes: and the more we think of it, the more strongly are we persuaded, that that which teaches its adroit and effective and sanatory management—EDUCATION—is the greatest of human sciences: is indeed the only human science which marches in the style of royalty, with noble servitors in its train.

Such does education appear to me, when contemplated in the grave character of a Mentor to the noblest of sublunary things, without which this would wander and waste, injuring

and injured—or in the sublime light of those grand primal laws of Nature, which hold the planets in their spheres, and wheel them in their courses, but without which, they would be "wandering stars, unto whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

Still, while the subject spreads itself before me, as nearly the most magnificent which can arrest and impress a mortal vision,* I frankly confess, that I have no elaborated theory of it to present you. And perhaps the age has so teemed with patent inventions for making and mending minds, that one may without great discredit profess some foretokening alienation at the thought, that, like a child overloaded with apparel, education may by theory be swathed to death. In fact, a sincere apprehension of the impracticability of many theories, the banefulness of more, and the transientness of most, deter me from the thought of adding another, to the host of negative benefits or positive evils, which, to use the shrewd suggestion of an article in the British Critic, may help the boasted "march of mind" *backwards* instead of *forwards*. I would not cumber the ground of our history by throwing on it another theory, which would only augment, what a military inspector calls, "the dead heap": a few scattered thoughts on the matter, mode, and end of an education, are all which will presume to claim your indulgence.

THE MATTER AND MODE OF EDUCATION.—We are compelled to hear the grave discussions of tyros upon this subject, long before they are fledged with the lowest academical honors. He who knows not how even his body is knit together, "compacted by that which every joint supplieth," presumes to legislate upon the capabilities of his mind, to determine what aliment will best sustain its energies, what training make it grow to perfection. No subject is considered more purely an expression of arbitrary enactment, than the routine of an education usually styled "*liberal*." And this species of opinion

* "Even scripture calls religion "education in righteousness."—Vide 2 Tim. iii. 16, in the Greek.

often survives those days, when choice and will are better than syllogism or oracle. We discover errors without number in the religion of our forefathers, in the old fashioned manner of correcting the heart; and we deem it a pity if we cannot find blunders, in the old fashioned manner of improving the mind. Time was, e. g. when the study of languages was esteemed admirably calculated to instil the art of shaping, coloring and imparting ideas—an art which, if *dimidium facti, qui bene cœpit, habet* have aught of truth in it, includes the "better half" of eloquence, for the pulpit, the bar, and the senate. Time was too, when the mathematics were judged indispensable for eliciting such faculties as attention, abstraction, and reason: faculties of such acknowledged importance in the most celebrated courts in the world, that a respectable authority, at a date so fresh as 1834, informs us, "A great portion of the most distinguished English lawyers have signalized themselves, in the contest for mathematical honors, at Cambridge."*

In truth we, in this country, seem to be on the shore of an ocean of changes—the fountains of the great deep are broken up—we are about to swing loose from the moorings of ages, and like those who, in the fifteenth century, were seeking the soil where we stand, to try for a continent of discoveries. For myself, I am obliged to avow the unfashionable belief, that the period has not arrived for us to bid farewell to the old paths, where *was* the good way. It becomes me to beg pardon of the devotees of transition, if my ignorance is the cause of this sentiment; but it certainly does yet appear to me, as if modern theories of education had not stood the "wear and tear" of time, as others, by whose culture many minds have grown, like the mustard-seed, from insignificance to stateliness, and left such proofs of their dimensions as are yet unseen among later legacies of wisdom. It is my lot and privilege occasionally to open folios, beneath which, some of our impatient utilitarian spirits would be physically overburdened; and when I compare them with the Lilliputian swarm of our present press, ugly feelings of skepticism, respecting this age of

* "Nicklin's Report on the English Universities," p. 19.

reviews and newspapers, will spontaneously obtrude themselves. Our longest series of volumes is the bound numbers of a periodical journal; our heaviest book, the bound files of a daily advertiser. Indeed, we cannot say of even the controversialists of our day, what Junius in a covert classical allusion of inimitable expressiveness said of his, "they pile up reluctant quarto upon solid folio, as if their labors, because they are gigantic, could contend with truth and heaven." But if it be a sound rule of philosophy, to let hypothesis remain hypothesis, until it is proved to be fact, is it acting an infidel part, towards the many fair and symmetrical systems which court our deference, to exact some more credible and permanent evidence of their power, than the beautiful, eloquent, and beguiling pages on which they are often commended to us? And is there unpardonable temerity in the question, Whether the present age can enumerate scholars and volumes, which may compete with those that old times, and old systems, and an old world have brought forth?

Not to go back one or two hundred years merely, but even to lift the curtain of those centuries, which have so long been a synonym for a night without moon or stars, if this audience could have listened to such men as Abelard, as the Master of the Sentences, as that doctor, whose acuteness and comprehension of intellect gained him a superhuman appellation, is it treason to avow the humble, but fixed conviction, that they would not have thought the listeners of the dark ages*, who heard them with intelligence and applause, quite such a benighted and groping generation as has been generally supposed? In a word, it is not my fortune, as it is of many of my compeers in the business of education, to have indoctrinated or inoculated myself with the pleasing persuasion, that *we* are the people, and that wisdom will die with *us*. True, Dr. Johnson has been laughed to scorn, for imagining education had nearly or quite attained her Ultima Thule, although he did so surround-

* See Note A.

ed by a galaxy of intellect, where the "greater lights" of our day would shine,

Velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

True, there was no such poetry a hundred years agone as Byron's, nor such novels as Scott's and Bulwer's; but there were some such outlawed old writers as Shakspeare and Addison, Milton and Jeremy Taylor, there is Saxon English* enough in the Bible to save our ancestry from the blush of utter confusion, and it was roundly asserted in the preface to the first dictionary of the literature of our tongue, that "from the authors which rose in the time of Elizabeth, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance." True too, there were not then such proficients in the potency of language, as those who made heroes and heroines talk in words, *y'clepd* "killing" in the murderous nomenclature of their admirers; but there were those who had sensitiveness sufficient to catch the radiations of true feeling, and to reflect them in terms of which the following comment, on the most pathetic of sacred elegies, may stand as a specimen. "Did we," says Dr. South, "ever find sorrow flowing forth in such a natural prevailing pathos, as in the lamentations of Jeremiah? One would think that every letter was wrote with a tear, every word was the noise of a breaking heart; that the author was a man compacted of sorrows, disciplined to grief from his infancy, one who never breathed but in sighs, nor spoke but in a groan."† And true also it is, that in the times of which I speak, there was not what Hume called, though for a different purpose, "philosophy for the ladies;" and with the fairer portion of our creation, that ought doubtless to be the better age, which has most exerted itself to please them. But if less eminent for its literary gallantry, the age of our ancestors had a philosophy for men, which has gathered up so many of the secrets of the universe that but leavings often remain.‡

* See Note B. † Sermons, iv. 31.
‡ See Note C.

This is a strain which might be indulged in without end. Suffice it to say, that the speaker is not satisfied it is time to confine a knowledge of languages to professed interpreters, and mathematics to the keepers of observatories or a board of longitude. Most of the scholars of the old world were made under their discipline—when we, under our new and patented systems, can think, or speak, or write, better than they, it will be time to treat their means of education, as we have full-bottomed wigs and grogram gowns.

To notice one or two principles of education, by which it will be perceived, in what mode that matter should be employed, which is designed for the basis of education, let me observe in the first place, that education should be *constant*.

It seems to be a common impression that education is a thing of times and places—that the mind is to be superintended only when the dial announces a certain hour, or the walls of the school or college provoke us, by their very literary atmosphere, to inhale the breath of wisdom. But no mistake could be more complete, none in the long run more deplorable. The mind is undergoing education every wakeful moment, from the cradle to the grave. This education is furnishing or disfurnishing the mental habitation, and making the tenant, from day to day, richer or poorer, better or worse. We are never without teachers of some sort. The mind will be its own teacher if you give it no other. It will instruct itself for good or ill by all the senses; the avenues for outward knowledge. It will have food to prey upon, and if it can find nothing purer will raven garbage. It will sometimes prey upon itself, till bewildered in lunacy or stung to madness.

This fundamental and most serious truth in the nature of mind, seems to be lamentably forgotten, it need not be said, in most theories of education, but in most practical systems of it. It seems to be almost a recognized fact, that watching and guiding the mind, and nurturing it with proper ideas, is to be attended to but at intervals: for the rest of a day, a week, or a year, it may run wanton and wild.

This is pitiable mismanagement. The mind in its immaturity must never, never, be let alone. Particularly in earliest life, when like an infant which puts every thing into its mouth, the mind, unable to select appropriate mental viands, swallows down all it can grasp, must it ever have at hand a kind and watchful provider, who shall rescue it from self-injury. And in later life, when of necessity it will be more resigned to its own governance, must it be taught the sober lesson, that we may as well stop breathing, as learning or unlearning; and that, as is often the case with the atmosphere we draw into the lungs, we may be unconsciously quaffing poison. Perpetual vigilance, therefore, is the part of the teacher—caution that of the pupil. But how slightly is such a plain and imperative precept regarded. The parent thinks the teacher does every thing for his child's understanding, as the deluded religionist thinks his priest does for his soul. Yet the teacher is conversant with his pupil, i. e. with any one individually, but a few minutes of the day: the parent, a solid number of hours. And if the mind be incessantly doing something, be unlearning something wholesome, or acquiring something positively pernicious, and be all the while unregarded, is it wonderful that education, in hundreds brought to our schools and colleges, proves a poor partial sickly thing—that the small influence it gains in one hour, is lost and vanishes in the six when the mind is left to itself, to rove whither it will, picking up all that comes in its course, fostering habits that years cannot eradicate, and preferences which determine the character of a life?*

In connexion with these remarks, a subject may be introduced, which has a natural alliance with them, and which were in itself a copious and weighty theme for the longest homily—viz: incidental education. This is a subject which, from some cause unknown, has never received the attention it merits. It assumes as a fact, what few are ignorant of, that there are in all minds peculiar seasons of aptitude and susceptibility.

* See Note D.

There are *mollia tempora fandi*, when the most distancing and repulsive temperaments can be approached with hope. There are moments of disarming pliancy, when the most thorny and flinty can be touched and intenerated. It is not always that the glass can be provoked to the concitation of electricity, but let the auspicious hour come, and it can sparkle with rings of fire.

Our Saviour knew well the property of our constitutions now specified, and it is remarkable how his addresses, throughout the gospels, are adapted to periods, places, and tempers, like strings to the harp. Not an experienced lawyer is there, who has not deferred to it, in timeing his hints to a jury. Not an adept is there, in what that astute metaphysican, Norris, calls "the magnetism of the passions," who has not found it richly for his interest, to watch and consult its opportunities. Every thoughtful parent should give heed to it, with that mental presence, by which distinguished chieftains have seized and improved the turning circumstances of victory. And happy will the parent be, who can find, or ingeniously create such occasions, as that by which Cecil impressed on his daughter, the metaphysically simple, but practically most difficult idea of faith.*

Another principle which may safely be laid down, and against which we often offend, is, that education should not be *disproportionate*. By this is meant, that in education, we should regard what every one possesses, differing from the endowments of those around him. Physicians term this idiosyncrasy, using the word, as their profession requires them to do, principally or altogether of the physical constitutions or temperaments of men. But we are no more alike, morally and intellectually, than we are physically. How often is one remarked for a naturally placid, and another for a naturally irascible disposition: how often one for a propension to acquire languages, and another to unravel the combinations of numbers.

* See Note E.

Now, like the notorious robber of Attica, who had a bed up to which he stretched the short, and down to which he amputated the tall, shall we have one intellectual mould into which all minds shall be run, as though they were base lead? The conclusion looks paradoxical—it borders on the enormous, but it is often submitted to, as quietly as an established mode of carving the viands of the table. And yet it is literally all that it appears to be. Why even that marvellous, and, to many, most indiscriminate and harsh disciplinarian, Dr. Parr, who knew how to work up the raw material of mind, as well as a gipsy how to tell a fortune, not only pardoned but commiserated the naturally incompetent. Still, with real talent for a subject, and a supple birch for a sceptre, he outvied the wonders of the magician and his wand. But *we* are too often the same to all—in the tasks we impose, the discipline we administer, the awards we bestow. It is true, that in one or more of our colleges, a distinction, hardly known during my own academical history, begins to be acknowledged—the fundamental one of science and literature. Now it must be plain to cursory observation, that there are minds which have most unlike aptnesses, for one or the other of these wide distinctions of knowledge, and indeed for their subordinate departments. And nothing is or ought to be plainer, than that a native indication of such aptness should be regarded as the pointing of nature, towards the destination of the mind possessing it. But because it is new to *us*, to notice the original tendencies of separate minds, and to make provisions for them, we assume the port and bearing of discoverers, and talk oracularly, as if the distinctions of physical, intellectual, and moral education, were till now quite unheard of.

Yet unless I am in grievous error, the system of dietetics, exercise, and study, pursued, in the days of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, in the English Universities, would be a better defence against our fashionable dyspepsia, than sesquipedalian rules of gymnastics never reduced to practice, or quickly exploded.

As to intellectual discipline, ours no doubt is more ingenious than that which obtained in such a by-gone age, for it is adorned

with the trappings of a hundred parti-colored theories, while that consisted mostly in a few homely requisitions of downright hard labor; but much is it to be suspected, that the solid scholarship which it produced, would outlive the prettier, but more superficial and puffy learning of the present generation. And here, I may not forget, that it was to one of the very bondmen of this imaginary mental vassalage, a poor country parson, "passing rich with forty pounds a year," Lord Bacon carried his immortal works, before he durst issue them from the press.* In this day, it must be a country, ay, or a city parson of no mean erudition, (I will not say physician or lawyer, lest I be thought invidious,) who reads the Novum Organum in the original.

As to moral discipline, alas! how much more anxiously did our ancestors estimate it than we. We do indeed seem more alive than they, to the magnificent project of enlightening the whole mass of society. But it may be feared, that while we have been more sensitive than they to the fact, that all have *heads*, we are perhaps less so to the fact, that all have *hearts*. And we have been toiling with our Lyceums, and Institutes and lectures in multitude like the drops of dew, to diffuse "useful knowledge," as if knowledge of itself could meliorate and sanctify, or almost regenerate our race. And it is conceived that we have been fondling a scheme, fraught with risks unspeakable. "I never yet knew a scholar," says the famous old Roger Ascham, "that gave himself to like and love and follow chiefly those three authors," (he had just alluded to Plato, Aristotle, and Tully,) "but he proved both learned, wise, and also an honest man; if," he adds with reverent caution, "if he joined withal the true doctrine of God's Holy Bible, without the which, the other three be but fine edge tools in a fool's or a madman's hand."† And the pregnant warning, contained in this ancient scholar's experience, has been sounded late enough to echo in our own ears. Some twenty years since, the present chief dignitary of the Church of England ventured, with his charac-

* See Encyc. Britt. Art. George Herbert.

† Schoolmaster, p. 142.

teristic modesty and mildness, to hint that perhaps we were educating the heads of men too much, and would find our mistake quite costly, unless we educated their hearts in due proportion; and one angry journal, if not more, would have rained upon him, if possible, "hail-stones and coals of fire." He was denounced as a frigid and gloomy priest, who would willingly drop anew on the world, the pall of the so denominated "dark ages." But at length with the tortoise speed of human justice, when experience is the awarder, we are beginning to give his admonitions a grain of credit. The good prelate had no doubt read in his Bible, that even devils believe and tremble, and for all that are devils still: that even Satan himself can wear the beauteous apparel of an angel of light, and still be the father of lies.* And he dreaded, as an honest forecasting Christian should, lest by endowing men with that in which the "spirits in prison" can be their rivals, bare knowledge without moral sentiment and principle to imbue, restrain, and guide it, they might use such knowledge, as do the unearthly enemies of man, for voraciously selfish and direfully injurious purposes; as the Ishmaelite, who wields his weapons to assail and plunder every traveller; as the fool who scatters firebrands, arrows, and death, and saith, Am I not in sport?†

Perhaps it is because we have been so inattentive to the moral education of our race, that we have deemed of such inconsiderable value one of the best means of promoting it: I mean the study of the moral history of man. "History," says Bolingbroke, who probably filched the sentiment from an ancient Greek‡ without confession of the debt, "History is philosophy teaching by example." Or, as that sage statesman and wide-seeing observer, Burke, has more fully expressed it, "In history a great volume is unrolled for our instruction, drawing

* "Mark you this Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."—Merchant of Venice.

† A good article on "Moral Education" (under the same head) may be found in Rees's Cyclopedia.

‡ Didorus Siculus calls history, "the metropolis of all philosophy."

the materials of future wisdom from the past errors and infirmities of mankind."

But how frugally is such philosophy and such wisdom employed to teach our children what men are, and what they inevitably will be, unless their guidance is better, and their aim higher and purer than those of myriads. True: history itself is somewhat blameable, for it is often but one lurid and ghastly picture of "wars and fightings," of gore and slaughter. But there is such a thing as the history of the human mind—of human motives and passions, proclivities and temptations, determinations and schemes—of human society, human policies and human government. Philosophy can cull examples of each from the appropriate page, and leave "the battle of the warrior, with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," to those whom the spectacle ravishes; and she can point her pupils to the insidious cause and the palpable issues of characters and conduct, from which the novice in life's career should shrink, as from a road terminating in a quicksand or the brink of a precipice.*

Something surely, in regard to the capacity of human nature, as we now encounter it, for governing and being governed, is indispensable for a branch of instruction, in a community where the people are the source and the dispensers of power. It is indeed the greatest of problems for this world, What government is, not in theory but in practice, best for mankind? I say in theory, for it is evident that in theory nothing can be more beautiful and self-commending than the purest democracy, where the people govern themselves without the intervention of representatives. But our forefathers accounted a representative government better in practice, and we live under the constitution they bequeathed their posterity. Questionless, if their legacy be worth preserving, it is worth studying and understanding. But who studies it? Where is a knowledge of it taught?†

Certainly, if Blackstone was right, about the importance of

* See Note F. † See Note G.

a knowledge of the laws of England, to every man who had a risk within the kingdom, a knowledge of the great compact, which still knits our huge mass together, is of prodigious moment, when a breach of that compact would make us realize the oriental hyperbole, "all the foundations of the world are out of course." If our government be not one of will but of laws, and if these laws be but frail paper, save as the good sense of the community embraces and allows them, and its good feeling will sustain their execution, then we must understand our frame of government and the reasons on which it is founded, well and convincingly, or we are undone. "Syllables," said the great Selden, who lived as we do, 'amid distress of nations and perplexity,' "Syllables govern the world." If the construction of our charters *for*, and our acts *of* legislation, is not to be surrendered to the caprice of a few or one—to a Council of Ten, or a Czar of all the States—but to be swayed by the grand tide of an intelligent public sentiment, then those charters and acts must be more generally and thoroughly comprehended, than they are now. But how few are there, even among our graduates, who could give us the bare details of the Constitution of our Federal Government—how many fewer, who could assign the reasons for the checks and balances which harmonize and adjust its parts—how many fewer still, they who could descant with scientific confidence on the rules which are to determine its special meaning, and the presiding spirit which is to give coherence and oneness to the whole.

This however, and two or three other subjects, which, in the almost measureless range allowed, and as far as possible, it may be, demanded, in addresses like the present, had been marked in union with it, must be dismissed, that I may hasten to the next starting point in my observations.

In the first instance, the caption, matter and mode of education, was used, as it is hardly possible to disjoin them, and they were named in the order suiting the arrangement of my remarks. The next caption will be the reverse of this, THE

MODE AND MATTER OF EDUCATION, for the same reason which dictated the former.

What is education (i. e. the education of the intellect) in the better sense of the term? Is it the mere crowding a certain quantity of intellectual furniture into the mind? So some, too many indeed, seem to define it, and in consequence, the more such furniture is piled up in the brains of their children, the higher rises in their estimation the talent of the teacher, and the character of the pupil. But is not this a very grave and ominous misconception? No matter how full soever any building may be, of apparatus for domestic necessities or convenience, if it be in thorough and inextricable confusion, of how much utility will it be, compared with another, where there is no repletion, but where every thing is accessible and in order? Which would be the most effective vessel, amid the shock of a naval conflict, a very Santissima Trinidada, whose entire armament was in disarray and complete mixed medley, and none of whose men or officers could come at the needful call, or some petty frigate, at the tap of whose drum, every implement of war and every living fighter upon her decks were ready for instant action?

And may not many a mind, and a well-filled one too, be compared to the lumber garret, where all things are tossed into promiscuous heaps, or to the ship, where order has found no admittance, and distraction reigns supreme? If so, then the mere being taught one subject or another, or a thousand, is but a part of education; and, if education is to be apt, dexterous and effective, but an inferior part of it. Yes, such is indeed the fact. It is not the accoutrements which make the soldier—not the chest of tools which makes the mechanic—not an observatory or a laboratory, though never so well furnished, which makes the astronomer or chemist. And it is not his books, though he wind through the contents of them all, which make the scholar. No: but it is the long and arduous drill, which converts militia into regular troops—it is a hard apprenticeship—the discovering how to make bricks with straw or without it, which transforms the raw lad into the

skilful journeyman—it is tedious and systematic, late and early study, which accomplishes the man of reflectors and refractors, for disclosing the secrets of yonder sky, and the man of compounds and integrants, the wonders of the world beneath our feet. So it is not the cumbering his mind with the contents of a few or many volumes, which promotes the boy with his horn-book, into the decorated recipient of a diploma. By no means. He is the educated man who has been taught to think—to know what sort of an instrument the mind, which embraces the tools he works with, is—how he can most honestly and most successfully use these tools *for* himself, and *towards* all around him. And, but that I deem it hardly safe, to experiment so lavishly and wildly as some would, with the treasured admonitions of the past in strong or frowning relief before them, I would say, it is of no consequence what matter, not positively vicious, you employ to make the mind think, so you do but teach it the art of thinking with tension, point, and vigor, of alertly calling, commanding, and tasking any or all of its powers for any given purpose. And when you have done this, you have done all which is requisite on the part of an instructer, towards equipping any pupil for the journey, the voyage, the collision, or the warfare (whichever you please to call it) of life. Walking is the art of using those members by which we can exercise the privilege of locomotion. It is a most serious and difficult art to learn; but when once attained, and well attained, you have no more solicitude about permitting a child to go alone. Education is an art which is to teach us the use of our mental faculties; and if it teach us their use with any thing like the completeness, with which the nurse imparts a knowledge of limbs and joints, and, for practical purposes, the centre of gravity, then, and not till then, can it deserve its exalted name.

With reference to such positions, it need hardly be insisted, how few minds, in view of the practice of the present day, are fit *to go alone;* nor that if any thing is to be achieved, in raising the mental character and capability of the age, an immense amount of labor is to be steadily and perseveringly marched

through. And it is here, probably, that we have been most defective, and shall be most wanting, in the slow rounds of arduous years to come. For it is not want of theory which need be complained of in this land of "many inventions." Theories we have, well propounded and well defended too,

Thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa.

But it is vain that we talk forever about it, and about it, till words grow weary under the task to which we put them. A theory never educated a single human being. No man was ever dreamed, or lapped, or dandled into learning. There is no more a royal or an aristocratic road now to wisdom's temple, than in the days of the peevish and lazy king of Egypt. The wealth of Crœsus, the mines of Potosi or Golconda, will not buy one idea for a cowering, lagging, halting, retreating mind. No: and perhaps we have *said* enough, and more than enough, upon the best mode of advancing the human mind in wisdom's ways. Let the word now begin to go round, that the time has at length arrived for putting our hands faithfully to the great work, on which such multitudes, and gifted multitudes, have speculated and schemed, and are speculating and scheming still. Action, said the great master of eloquence, action makes the orator. It must be this which will quarry out scholarship, if we ever have it. The teacher must act, and must learn the pupil the art of teaching his own mind to act; or like the schoolmen, who were everlastingly wasting the most noble and agile faculties on what was *possible*, and leaving unregarded what was *fact*, we shall be no further onward, in true mental progress, one hundred years hence than we are now.

And more, if education be accomplished not so much by *what* the mind passes over, as by *how* it passes over its various objects of contemplation, then it is a fair and lawful inference, that it is not the array of learned works on a catalogue of college studies, which will make deserving graduates, but the thoroughness with which instruction shall be given.

But this is an armor which "the spirit of the age," like the youthful David, must *assay* to go in, for it has "not proved it." And verily "the spirit of the age" has its reward, for the lighter panoply in which it has chosen to confront ignorance. See it, for example, in all which our students carry away of knowledge, to say nothing of love, of languages consecrated to classic use, and by the classic unanimity and devotion of many a century. Why, I myself have seen a college class in the very delirium of joy, at emancipation from a volume through which they had long plodded a weary way, convert their text-books into footballs. A most grievous commentary this, some would have said, upon the profit of constraining young minds to grind through languages, which they will begin to forget forever, so soon as they bid adieu to their *alma mater*. Pertinent example for such a process, some may say, is the toil of that Jewish Hercules whose powers once blessed his country, when he was forced to misapply them in the mill of the Philistines. But it might better be said, grievous commentary this, upon the mode in which languages are studied, and upon the objects generally designated for the study of them. It is any thing but the stinted knowledge of the fleshless meanings of words, which is to be acquired by classic studies. If this were all, one might as well flounder through a Greek or Latin dictionary, as any other book whatever. And it is not for the meagre or sorry purpose of cultivating, what a phrenologist would call the organ of language, that the studies in question should be attempted. No: it is for the purpose, and I know few more important, of enabling us to learn the rare art of promptly summoning adequate, cogent, felicitous, racy and thrilling words for the expression of ideas. And if languages are taught, as they always should be, (and I concede their little utility in the mode they are generally taught,) in such a way as to make one a master of comely and bland, of lucid and beamy, of nervous and enlivening, of (to use the poet Gray's couplet) breathing and burning terms, for the communication of his opinions, it must, I think, be admitted that an advantage is won by them of transcendent value. For it is

said, in a well known and memorable adage, that "knowledge is power;" but the phrase is elliptical, or it must often be forceless. Is knowledge, mere knowledge, power? Contrast the influence of the tongue-tied walking encyclopedia, with that of some, who with the lips of a Nestor, a Chrysostom, or a Mansfield, have but the tythe of his massy erudition. It is not then knowledge, but, very frequently, the art of communicating knowledge, which constitutes genuine power. *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.* And it is the lesson of my own experience, that a study of languages, if well conducted, is the best ordinary way of acquiring such knowledge. Far be it from me to dogmatise on this litigated topic: my appeal is to the testimony of a restricted experience only. But in view of that, the examples of a Shakespeare, Fielding, or Franklin, do not make me falter.*

A word, perhaps, were not misplaced here, upon a subject which has often furnished scope to rolling declamation: I allude to what custom has dignified with the title, GENIUS. This is too often, and most wrongfully, esteemed a succedaneum for all modes of education. Especially do many imagine with balmy confidence, that genius only can make one a writer or speaker,—a "master of assemblies," by his plastic pen or magic tongue. This is hallucination in the superlative degree. And it is declared such, with an undisguised admission of the natural inequality of the human species: men never were upon a perfect level, even as to their inborn qualities, and they never will be, until the sameness imagined to exist among them shall exist in nature; until the mountains shall sink, the vallies rise, and the whole globe become one dead unbroken plain.† Yet, with such an admission as a check and warning, freely is it alleged that toil is a surer help than genius, and that where Nature has made one great man, labor has made scores and thousands. Be it, that it is still written in the creed of the sons of the Muses, *poeta nascitur non fit.* The confessions of men, whom the panegyric of their coevals has lauded for unmix-

* See Note H. † See Note I.

ed genius, have supplied evidence strong as demonstration, that they have garnered in their mental opulence, as the farmer has his harvests, by the plain, unromantic method of toil, which has wrung sweat from their brows. What made Sir Isaac Newton a peerless mathematician? Himself has given the answer, that it was the acquired power of fixing his mind undistracted, upon continuous processes of thought, from which salient associations would divorce common minds, almost with every beat of the heart. And by what alchymy obtained he this power, which produced such colossal wonders? Simply by carrying his education, (in that definition of it which has been given you, *the art of thinking*,) to a degree of perfection, far, far short of which, the wearied and disheartened multitude give all exertion over, and leave their minds, like a ship without compass, chart, or rudder, to be the sport of countless accidents. Millions of our race, like the crew of the great discoverer of our western world, become tired from the very greatness of the way. It is only here and there a few, an unfaltering few, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, who, like this discoverer's self, press toward the mark, and at length, reach safely and happily the haven where they would be. Most true is this of those, who, as some think, make language by invisible sorcery, ductile and malleable as gold. Intuition never purchased for Addison the rare eulogy of the great English lexicographer. It never graced Fenelon with his artlessness, or enrobed Bossuet with his majesty. It never created a Chatham, a Burke, or a Sheridan; for the arduous closet toil of these, intellectually, children of Anak, has become a matter of notoriety. It has not made one, whom the present age is pleased, whether rightfully or capriciously, to signalize with the acclaim of its praises—the author of Pelham. "It is," says he, "to a critical study of the rules of fiction, that I owe every success in literature that I have obtained; and in the mere art of composition, if I now have attained to even too rapid a facility in expressing my thoughts, it has been purchased by a most laborious slowness in the first commencement, and resolute refusal to write a second sentence, until I

had expressed my meaning in the best manner I could in the first."* Never then shall the idea be cherished here for a single moment, that uncultivated intellect is a stable reliance for any body, who pretends to less than divine inspiration.

Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus;

or, with a higher sanction, "Seek and ye shall find," shall be the doctrine we inculcate. Those, who, in the language of Montaigne, think they can ride astride of the epicycle of Mercury, may trust their powers for all to which they will ever be competent, and arrogate all the triumphs they will ever deserve. We will never offend against the decalogue, in coveting their capacities or their reward.

So much of time has been exhausted, in these desultory observations on the matter and mode of education, that the space allotted to some others, upon its END, must be travelled with greater haste. What should we be educated *for*, is the question to which I would devote the few minutes remaining.

Men too often look upon their minds, as upon broad acres or stock in bank—as something exclusively theirs, and to be employed solely for their individual benefit. But the language of reason and inspiration is, What hast thou that thou didst not receive? We will not believe that chance produced a cabbage in our gardens; from whence then shall we believe come the high capacious powers that lie "folded up in man"? We know that mortals can build pyramids and a coliseum, invent a steam-engine or a chronometer; but that all the aggregate ingenuity from Adam till now could neither weave, nor forge, nor concoct one solitary spire of grass. We are not then the formers or sculptors of souls: we owe another for them.

This reasoning is short and simple; but the moral is long and comprehensive. It must not be forgotten as it has been, and is; and these minds, which constitute our noblest distinction and highest privilege, must not be esteemed and used with a sordid ambition for aggrandizement or gain. It

* Bib. Repository and Quart. Obs. No. xx. p. 488.

were poor philosophy, which would not declare it a solemn truth, that responsibility keeps pace with all valuable endowments whatsoever. It were shameful insensibility, which would allow any one, like a miser to hoard up, or a spendthrift to waste powers, which can disseminate happiness. Be it then an axiom, that the man of intellect is the keeper of a treasure for which he is one day to account, (to say nothing of heaven,) with that inward arraigner, who upbraids him at times with such severity, that he flies to the fancied oblivion of suicide to distance his damning voice. It were a mournful thing to answer for the spoiled health or happiness, of those who have felt our influence. What then will it be, to have the wronged and blasted destinies of a fellow creature demanding reparation, in an hour when judgment is eyeing us with a suspended sword? Let none here parry the appeal which this consideration aims at him: let none be deaf to its formidable forewarning. Every intelligent and educated mind, in its place, and sphere, and due proportion, is the keeper of the minds around it. And if to defraud of a just inheritance be a treason against integrity, which merits abhorrence; let him, who can endow a mind dependant on him, with a treasure of knowledge to make it useful, beloved, and honored, and who leaves that treasure uncared for—let him anticipate execrations, terrible as the tempest of Sodom. And if to administer poison be the dark deed of an assassin, let him tremble, who ventures that deadliest and most diabolical felony, the poisoning not of a body but of a soul. Never was the term murderer applied with such pertinence and intensity, as to him who blighted Eden with the frost of death. There is no human being so like him, as he who cheats, corrupts, unsettles, and ruins the immortal mind; and the well-earned fate of such a consummate wretch must it one day be, to find himself

> As far beneath the infernal centre hurled,
> As from that centre to the ethereal world.

We have seen how the possessor of intellect sometimes refuses allegiance to his Sovereign. He sometimes permits

this intellect to betray him, not only into disobedience, but a most unnatural pride.*

I say unnatural, for it seems most strange, that illumination of intellect should lead it astray from the great Source of all light; and yet we know, in the significant phrase of the poet, that there is a light "which leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind." Science learns a little of what may be known, learns a little more than *turba sine nomine* which surround her, and forthwith she thinks the whole horizon of knowledge in view, and that she need know no more. Alas! how incongruous and dishonoring the persuasion, that the science of this world should make its votaries think the science of another, visionary or fruitless. This life is but the childhood of existence: death, as one has beautifully expressed it, is but the dying of all that is mortal, that nothing but life may remain. O surely we cannot know enough for ourselves, if we would know that only which will last us for but three score and ten brief years; and He who made us, was for once untrue to his wisdom, if He formed us so, that all we know of his works should keep us aloof from himself, and make us forget the dignity of our origin, and the glory to which such an origin may bid us aspire.† Yes, it is a solecism to imagine science and religion incompatible: in its true sense, one is but the elder sister of the other. It is a grievous solecism; by the great names of Copernicus and Erasmus, of Pascal and Euler, of Bacon and Hale, of Kepler and Newton, of Aguessau,‡ Haller and Locke—laymen every one of them—I pronounce it so. O ye sons of light, and wisdom and glory, how, when ye bring your highest honors to the footstool of Him who made you, and made you what

* See Note K.

A philosopher once expressively compared the knowledge of the human and of the divine mind, with the light in a drop of dew, and with that which fills the solar system. And yet science, when selfish, would confine us to the light of the dew-drop!

‡ The celebrated chancellor of France, who "never passed a day from his childhood without reading some part of the Holy Scriptures; and he was often heard to say, that it was the balm of his life."—New Biog. Dict. i. 151.

you are, how does your homage put to shame that cold imperturbable pride, which forbids a generous acknowledgment of indebtedness to the Fountain of all knowledge, truth, virtue and joy. Flattery may tender such pride purple and fine linen: sincerity must ordain it sackcloth and ashes.*

Be it not then our melancholy mistake to suppose, that because our native powers and education may give us, so to speak, a wider range in the universe, and allow us to walk abroad whither others cannot follow, over the boundless realms of the ever and every where reigning King, that therefore we are privileged to wander away from Him with freer license. This were a monstrous perversion of liberty, given as a boon to make us happy and useful, and kindly promotive of the happiness and usefulness of others. Science should be but a new tie, to bind us to the great centre of creation, the throne of universal intelligence and love; and all that we may know of this world, should only make us willing, and anxious and gratified, to know all that we may of another, whose dawn will ere long break. There is nothing but a presaging conscience, nothing but the forebodings of unforgiven transgression, to make the dim future dreadful; there is every thing else to make it full of sweet hope and assuasive promise. "The sting of death is sin," says Sir Henry Halford, a late medical philosopher, who has probed the secrets of dissolution with steady fortitude: thus bringing the asseveration of scripture to the strong test of fact, and sealing its solemn certainty. But religion is, philosophically speaking, the best of all schemes to take this sting away; and to this, science, as the example of its purest and profoundest votaries shows, is any thing but an alien and a foe. Nay, religion is itself a science, offering wider scope, busier occupation, and intenser pleasure, than any other system which bears this reverend name. They profane reason who suppose religion is not a science; for says a deep philosopher, speaking of its completeness, order, and beauty, "Theology is like a heaven, which wants

* Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat habetur.—Juvenal.

not more stars than appear in it, but we want eyes quick-sighted and piercing enough to reach them." And as the same sagacious and profound thinker elsewhere maintains, it is a most unhonored science, for says he, speaking of its text-book, "As poets and astronomers have fancied among the celestial lights that adorn the firmament, bears, bulls, goats, dogs, scorpions and other beasts; so our adversaries impute, I know not what imaginary deformities to a book, ennobled by its Author with many celestial lights, fit to instruct the world, and discover to them the ways of truth and blessedness."*

Yes: religion is a science, and the only one whose foresight man will finally eulogize; for it is the only one which thinks of him, as calculated for a loftier destiny than the brutes that perish. It is the only one which provides aliment for the mind, when our interest in the whirl of passing transactions shall expire, when the usefulness of all we know of this world shall be no help, amid the new and overaweing grandeurs of eternity. It is the only one which kindly takes us by the hand, and showing us how the treasures of human wisdom must, like our gold and silver, be left behind, points us to the depths of unexplored futurity, and whispers the lament of the dying Grotius, "*Heu! vitam perdidi, nil operose agendo*," or the holy caution of St. Jerome, "*Discamus in terris, quorum nobis scientia perseveret in cælo.*"†

Such a science deserves to live; and it will live, when many a one, which the wise in their own conceit think its rivals, shall have been drowned and lost in the sullen flood of oblivion. There is in it, as the Pope said of Hooker's immortal work on church polity, "seeds of eternity," and it will germinate, ex-

* See Boyle's Works, 4to. ii. 207.—Such is the tribute which philosophy, when she does not forget herself, can pay to revelation. It was once my privilege to hear a most distinguished jurist endeavor to show, that, do other sciences as they might, Law had always recognized and honored Christianity. He said, among several things, that, by immemorial usage, the holy days of Christians were *dies non juridici*. "The Christian Religion," says an eminent law professor, "is part of our Common Law."

† See Note L.

pand and bloom, amid higher and brighter scenes. The sublime language of the soliloquist foretels its destiny:

> The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Fellow-citizens and friends! I trust my observations, rambling as they of necessity are, in a discourse whose subjects must be almost as numerous as its pages, have still not been entirely without virtue, in showing you what education may be and ought to be. An institution which can promote this great cause is established in your midst, and waits but your sympathizing interest and generous patronage to promote it vigorously and well. Shall it live, or shall it die? Its breath, if I may so say, is in your hands. Upon you rests the responsibility of its fate. Its officers can never think hopefully of urging it into reputation, while you sit silent and indifferent by. It is most unreasonable for any to suppose they may. The institution belongs not to them but to yourselves. To you will accrue the benefit of its success, and to you, if no sustenance be given it, will adhere the shame of its fall. Give it then your countenance—give it more, give it your earnest anxieties—give it more, give it your superfluities. Let some drops of that golden shower, which is descending in such abundance on this garden of the land, divert to Transylvania. I might say to many among you, as a very matter of fact pleader for charity once did, you can give half your incomes to the cause of religion and learning, and have more than enough left to spoil every one of your children. "There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt."

Supply us then generously with the facilities for education: send us such minds to educate, as I know this favored region supplies, and we will prove ourselves worthy your confidence, or give place to those who can.

NOTES.

NOTE A.—THE DARK AGES.

The sentiments which have long had free course, respecting the ages thus wilfully surnamed, have at last found a check, in the erudite and powerful papers of a late writer in the British Magazine. This unscared author even ventures to call in question the statements of Robertson, in his introduction to the History of Charles V., and sustains himself by some very unmanageable facts. Robertson's conclusions were evidently hasty, and drawn too from partial testimony. A few extracts from these papers were published in the Church Advocate, a religious journal issued in Lexington once a fortnight, but they were found too unmusical for "itching ears," and were accordingly dropped.

The following extracts, from two very different authorities, will persuade any candid mind, that both wrong and unfair conceptions have been formed of the condition of learning during the "dark ages." Says Lord President Forbes, "It must be owned that in almost every branch of learning, knowledge has been carried to a higher pitch, since the revival of learning, than it appears to have been by the ancients, from the remains of their works that have come to our hands. But that is *not to be ascribed to the superiority of genius of the moderns;* since the true cause of it can be easily assigned, *i. e.* that multitudes are at work on the same subject; and that the press affords so quick a conveyance of their conceptions and observations to each other, that they are thereby vastly aided in their lucubrations." (Works of Rt. Hon. D. Forbes, p. 191.) And yet, notwithstanding the discouragement, which, as this extract shows, attended the "diffusion of useful knowledge," Mr. Hallam is constrained to admit, "We cannot pretend to deny, that Roscelin, Anselm, Abelard, Peter Lombard, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus and Ockham, were men of acute and even profound understandings, the giants of their own generation. Even with the slight knowledge we possess of their tenets, there appears, through the cloud of repulsive technical barbarism, rays of metaphysical genius *which this age ought not to despise.* Thus in the works of Anselm, is found the celebrated argument of Des Cartes for the existence of a Deity, deduced from the idea of an infinitely perfect being."—Hallam's Middle Ages, iv. 387, 8.

Mr. Hallam may well say, "even with the slight knowledge we possess," for probably there is not one in ten thousand, who now knows much more of

these men of the "*middle*" not "*dark*" ages, than their names. Still they are summarily, collectively, totally, and hopelessly condemned!! One, however, of the most learned theologians of our days, Hugh J. Rose, has *studied* a little of Thomas Aquinas: and what is the result? A brilliant eulogium on his genius.—See Mr. Rose's able lecture on ecclesiastical history.

To refer to a fact or two, in concluding this note, it may be stated, that at Armagh in Ireland, there was once a splendid university, which went to wreck amid the surges and whirlpools of politics, but which *between the sixth and tenth centuries* had six thousand students—from all Europe too, and was renowned far and wide as "The School of the West"!! Where now is the university *in the whole world* with six thousand students?

Multitudes, no doubt, esteem Italy one of the most ignorant and debased among civilized nations; yet says the New York Evening Star, there are there, at this moment, no less than one hundred and seventy literary and scientific journals. *One* scientific journal (Silliman's) has barely worked itself into existence in this, as many think it, freest and most enlightened of the nations of the earth!

Finally, what architecture is, at the present day, at once the most popular and most difficult of execution? That of those on whom we often bestow our lugubrious pity, as among the roughest and most unhewn of men—the ancient Goths!

NOTE B. p. 8, SAXON ENGLISH.

It is a pleasant thing to perceive the growing reputation of this sort of language, among scholars. The value of it, to say nothing of its beauty, was first taught me in the humble labors of a Sunday School. I never found any difficulty in communicating knowledge to a child, if I could clothe my ideas in Saxon English. A hint of no mean significance this, to such as have to enlighten and guide uncultivated minds. The following extract, from McIntosh's History of England, manifests great familiarity with the nature and value of Saxon English, and is worth the reflecting attention of all students.

"From the Anglo-Saxons we derive the names of the most ancient officers among us, of the greater part of the divisions of the kingdom, and of almost all our towns and villages. From them also we derive our language, of which the structure and a majority of its words, much greater than those who have not thought on the subject would at first easily believe, are Saxon. Of sixty-nine words which make up the Lord's Prayer, there are only five not Saxon; the best example of the natural bent of our language, and of the words apt to be chosen by those who speak and write it without design. Of eighty-one words in the soliloquy of Hamlet, thirteen only are of Latin origin. Even in a passage of ninety words in Milton, whose diction is more learned than that of any other poet, there are only sixteen Latin words. In four verses of the authorized version of Genesis, which contain a hundred and thirty words, there are no more than five Latin. In seventy-nine words of Addison, whose perfect taste preserved him from a pedantic or constrained preference, for any portion of the language, we find only fifteen Latin. In later times, the language has rebelled against the bad taste of those otherwise vigorous writers,

who, instead of ennobling their style like Milton by the position and combination of words, have tried to raise it by unusual and farfetched expressions. Dr. Johnson himself, from whose corruptions English style is only recovering, in eighty-seven words of his fine parallel between Dryden and Pope, has found means to introduce no more than twenty-one of Latin derivation. The language of familiar intercourse, the terms of jest and pleasantry, and those of necessary business, the idioms or peculiar phrases into which words naturally run, the proverbs, which are the condensed and pointed sense of the people, the particles on which our syntax depends, and which are of perpetual recurrence;—all these foundations of a language, are more decisive proofs of the Saxon origin of ours, than even the great majority of Saxon words in writing, and the still greater majority in speaking. In all cases, where we have preserved a family of words, the superior significancy of a Saxon over a Latin term is most remarkable. 'Well-being arises from well-doing,' is a Saxon phrase, which may be thus rendered into the Latin part of the language, 'Felicity attends virtue;' but how inferior in force is the latter! In the Saxon phrase, the parts or roots of words being significant in our language, and familiar to our eyes and ears, throw their whole meaning into the compounds and derivations; while the Latin words of the same import, having their roots and elements in a foreign language, carry only a cold and conventional signification to an English ear. It must not be a subject of wonder, that language should have many closer connexions with the thoughts and feelings which it denotes, than our philosophy can always explain."*

The common version of the scriptures has been alluded to, as abounding in Saxon English, and one of the most erudite and accomplished scholars of the last century has pronounced it, "the best standard of our language." (Bishop Lowth's Introduction to the English Grammar, London, 1763, 2d Ed. p. 93.) Any person, familiar with more modern versions of the scriptures, must often have remarked their pure English character. This may even be seen, by a comparison between them and the Isaiah of Lowth himself. For example, Lowth says (Isaiah xiv. 17,) "That never dismissed his captives to their own home": our common version, "That opened not the house of his prisoners." Blayney's Jeremiah, however, would supply many more, and more striking instances for comparison. That overflows with Latin English.

NOTE C. p. 8. LEAVINGS OF SCIENCE.

Bishop Watson, in his chemical essays, (vol. iv. p. 257,) tells the following anecdote: "Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Bentley met accidentally in London, and on Sir Isaac's inquiring what philosophical pursuits were carrying on at Cambridge, the doctor replied, 'None, for when you go a hunting Sir Isaac, you kill all the game; you have left us nothing to pursue.'" The doctor was hardly less true than complimentary; nor had he said the same in our day *of*, not *to*, such as Newton, would his words have been less pertinent. The num-

* Not having McIntosh at hand, I refer to the Christian Observer for 1830, p. 442, for this extract.

ber of those, who as Kepler sublimely said, "think God's thoughts after him," has dwindled almost to a cypher. If the fault be, as Professor Babbage seems querulously to affirm, in the indifference of the age to profound science, ought we to hear so many eulogies, as we do, on "the spirit" of an age, whose trophies are penny magazines and story-books on political economy?

NOTE D. p. 10.—CONSTANT EDUCATION.

This subject has a pertinency in Kentucky, which it is hoped parents will soon feel more sensibly than they have done. It is too much the fashion among us, to have even a public education carried on at intervals. A student attends one college term, by no means certain that his parent will send him the next. He loses a term or two perhaps; and, with his time, loses most of his acquirements. When he returns, he is not only not where he was, when he left off, but has actually even fallen behind that point. So long as this loose practice prevails, a *thorough* education cannot be expected. The mind does not improve like soil, *from lying fallow*. The more it works, so that it be not overtasked, the better. If suffered to lie by, it will grow rusty like iron. Not a little time is often requisite, to rub off the rust of some, whose course of education has been interrupted. When a parent means to give his child an education deserving the name, he should not merely allow him, but constrain him to pursue his studies in an unbroken series, till they are completed. And also, let no parent cherish the doleful absurdity, that a year or two will answer for a son's education. Why, it requires an apprenticeship of SEVEN YEARS to learn one how to make a shoe—shall it require less to fit one to become a counsellor for men, upon the momentous concerns of their laws, their national policy, their estates, their lives, their salvation!!

NOTE E. p. 11.—INCIDENTAL EDUCATION.

The instance referred to may be familiar to many, but as Cecil's works are less frequent west of our mountains, and as the extract is worth a volume of counsels, I venture its repetition.

"Children are very early capable of impression. I imprinted on my daughter the idea of faith, at a very early age. She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said, 'My dear, you have some pretty beads there.' 'Yes, papa!' 'And you seem to be vastly pleased with them.' 'Yes, Papa,!' 'Well now, throw 'em behind the fire.' The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice. 'Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do any thing, which I did not think would be good for you.' She looked at me a few moments longer, and then summoning up all her fortitude—her breast heaving with the effort—she dashed them into the fire. 'Well,' said I, 'there let them lie: you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now.' Some days after, I bought her a box of larger beads, and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure and set it before her: she burst into tears with ecstacy. 'Those, my child,'

said I, 'are yours, because you believed me, when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now, that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what *faith* is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of faith. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe every thing that he says in his word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means your good.' "

In connexion with this subject, I cannot but observe the importance, of watching and regulating the *associations* of an opening mind. Some one has said, that he could perfectly command the destiny of a human being, by having sway over his associations. There is formidable truth in the remark. We should be specially careful, to bind up moral and religious ideas with agreeable and joyful emotions. "If," says Dugald Stuart, "the first conceptions which an infant formed of the Deity, and its first moral perceptions, were associated with the early impressions produced on the heart, by the beauties of nature, or the charms of poetical description, those serious thoughts, which are resorted to by most men, merely as a source of consolation in adversity, and which on that account are frequently tinctured with some degree of gloom, would recur spontaneously to the mind, in its best and happiest hours, and would insensibly blend themselves with all its purest and most refined enjoyments."

I never pitied a child more, than one whom his mother used to punish, by compelling him to commit to memory a certain number of verses in the Bible. Dread of the fatal result led me, long ago, to make it a principle, that religious ideas should be associated with pleasant sensations; and as one instance of exemplifying this principle, I may mention my practice, of ordinarily allowing a child to say his prayers, when only, he has behaved well. I say ordinarily, for I would not be inexorable, lest he think the Deity like his parent. In this way, his prayers become associated with the smiles and caresses of his parents, and the approbation of his own conscience.

NOTE F. p. 15.—VALUE OF HISTORY.

While alluding to this subject generally, I cannot refrain from mentioning, the importance of a knowledge of the history of our own country. This has long been neglected and sadly disesteemed, to the great detriment of American *literati* in the eyes of foreigners. An octogenarian of New England, President of the Historical Society of Rhode Island, once informed me, that when Americans first began to visit England, for the purposes of travel, &c. they were accosted with incessant questions, respecting the history of their own country, which, to the astonishment of the querists, to say nothing of their own mortification, they were utterly unable to answer. Massachusetts endeavored to remedy this defect in her educated sons, by fostering and encouraging a society, for the preservation and republication of ancient and perishing historical documents. So much patronage has this effort found, that the series of publications, by the Massachusetts Historical Society, amounts to

twenty-four octavo volumes!! Shall not Kentucky emulate such an example? A generous state pride is no where more prevalent, than among us; and in no state have the people more of romantic, entertaining and patriotic history, in which to pride themselves. Shall the relics of this history not be preserved, with sedulous and filial devotion, from the mould and dust of time? Soon, many of them will be gone forever. Soon many, or most, or all of the surviving witnesses, of the days of Boone, of Indian warfare, and of all the eventful vicissitudes of a frontier life, will have wandered away or died, and much of local history be lost beyond recal. Is there *now* any one who can pourtray our fair Lexington, as the hunters saw her, when they associated her history with one of the never to be forgotten struggles of our revolution? If so, where is the Kentuckian who would not thank him for the picture?

In brief, to quote the preamble of the constitution of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and which may be found in Vol. i. of its "Collections," "The preservation of books, pamphlets, manuscripts, and records, containing historical facts, biographical anecdotes, temporary projects, and beneficial speculations, conduces to mark the genius, delineate the manners, and trace the progress of society in the United States, and must always have a useful tendency, to rescue the history of this country from the ravages of time, and the effects of ignorance and neglect." Such a work is eminently worthy the attention of any of our commonwealths, and is one about which Kentucky should be up and doing.

NOTE G. p. 15.—CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The affirmation is given interrogatively to make it stronger; still, it must not be understood as implying, that the study of our constitution is *now* entirely unattended to, in every section of our country. Some small books respecting it for schools, have been published, and are, it is believed, receiving some patronage. Mr. Justice Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States, has published an elaborate treatise on the Constitution, in three large octavos. His work has met with such high praise, as to induce the author to put out an abridgement in one volume. This book ought to be introduced into all our colleges, that our graduated youth, all of whom, to say nothing of others, have a fair prospect of being in some way connected with legislation, may know something about the charter, which binds our immense republic together. Our mighty mass will soon, if it does not already, begin to groan under its own weight, and the most interesting of all political questions will be, "What does the present exigency demand?" How can he be fit to debate it, who does not know the nature of our great compact, its origin and its history? Alterations in the constitution of his country, are matters of the gravest import to every American. Such alterations are more likely to be called for than ever.

NOTE H. p. 21.—ANCIENT LANGUAGES.

I have spoken of the effect of a proper study of them, in promoting a knowledge and command of our vernacular tongue. Doubtless in these days, when

anti's of all sorts are so fashionable,* there will be some anti-ancients who can quote freely against me, but I may be allowed to state a fact or two, occurring within my own experience.

When in college, I one day heard the professor of rhetoric speaking of a lad whose compositions so much surpassed his years, for ease, correctness, and felicity of *expression*, while his *ideas* were not at all beyond his age, that his instructer was amazed, and enquired into the history of his education. There was no secret in it that the lad knew of, but that he had been required to write frequent translations of the classics, and to aim in them, at as much variety and beauty of language as possible. The result justified the hope of his tutor most completely. Long before his *ideas* were any thing but common place or puerile, he outstripped in his *language*, those who were nearly twice as old!

The hint struck me forcibly, and I determined to test the experiment with a budding mind, whose education I could control. Among other things, I had the whole of Sallust carefully turned into written and idiomatic English. The result was, if any thing, more encouraging than in the case which I had heard detailed, and which prompted the trial.

NOTE I. p. 21.—NATURAL INEQUALITY.

This sentiment may be thought incompatible with modern opinions and feelings, which have so strong a tendency to what old writers called, "levelisme." I shall let it go, with the following comment of the celebrated Necker, upon this *ism*, in his day.

"While they thus attempted to apply to exterior forms their doctrines of equality, they have in reality erected the greatest and most disgustful of all supremacies. They thought to level every thing, and they have subjected, with a rod of iron, the mild to the audacious, the discreet to the violent, the humane to the ferocious. In a word, while they have suppressed all ideas of decency, while they have filled up all the trenches that divided mankind, and endeavored to introduce an intellectual parity, in order to amalgamate the manners, of men the most distinct from each other, the consequence, I fear, of this unnatural familiarity will be nothing more than an additional facility, for indulging the passions of malignity and hatred. Nature tells us, through all her departments, that there can exist no harmony without shades and gradations. Society has no doubt deviated too far from this model, and rendered the disparity of rank, calamitous and shocking; to avoid this extreme, we are running into another still worse, we are converting the moral world into a vast plain, where every man will cross and elbow his neighbour, and all the advantage will be to the most rustic and robust."—Necker on Power, ii. 194, 195: London, 1792.

NOTE K. p. 25.—UNNATURAL PRIDE.

I call that pride unnatural, which inclines men to disesteem the Author of Nature, from what little they know of his works; and in truth, contemplated theoretically, nothing seems more so. But as a fact, most unhappily, such pride

* Parere jam non scelus est.—Martial.

is any thing but unnatural, if that which is common is in accordance with nature. "A little learning," said the poet, "is a dangerous thing," and I fully believe his assertion to be as true of the self-complacent philosopher, as of the puffed up sciolist. For even the greatest philosopher well knows, that all he has attained, is, in comparison with what may be attained, but as "the small dust in the balance;" and he feels therefore, and most justly, very modest and very humble. I entertain not the slightest doubt of the fact, that the loftiest archangel is a much more lowly being, than many a self-esteeming standard-bearer of some puny branch of human science. *All* heaven has not the self-consequence of *one* literary braggadocio. Of not one of its exalted inhabitants, basking in the sunshine of immortal glory, could that be said, which the terse and emphatic Ogden has said of too many of his fellow creatures: "The world and its adorable Author, *his* attributes and essence, *his* power, and rights, and *duty*, (I tremble to pronounce the word,) be all brought together to be judged—BEFORE US!"

It seems strange, that the pride of philosophy should be more fashionable among us, who think ourselves wise above all before us, than even among the philosophers (some of them at least) of classical antiquity. Dionysius Halicarnassus, in his second book of Antiquities, speaks with a sneer of those who despised such divinities as the pagan ones, through philosophy: through philosophy, he says, with a monosyllable of Spartan pregnancy of meaning, *if* that can be called philosophy, which will lead any to do so. Phaedrus too, in one of his fables, (Lib. iv. 6.) seems to have a sound estimation of the motives, and a wholesome contempt for the conduct of those, who, ambitious of their own glory, affected to despise a Power above them.

Et ut putentur sapere, cœlum vituperant.

No doubt he would have commended to all such, the fable of the frog who wanted to rival the ox; and if merriment could be allowable in those high orders of existences, who are dignified with the truly *noble title,* of ministers of the Almighty's pleasure, they would indulge in a most amusing pity of the swollen and strutting emmets, of this ant-hill of creation. Yes: the thought cannot be suppressed, although the subject is a grave one, that a proud philosopher must be even a ridiculous object, in the view of those blessed with superhuman wisdom; and in the view of such too, among the weakest of minds must that be, which cannot spell out something of the grand and close connexion between all sciences, and especially between all sciences and that which teaches directly who, and what He is, who made us, and is the radiating centre of every beam of intellectual light throughout the Universe.

It was said above, that a little learning was the source of philosophic pride. The opinion of Bacon, that it took less learning to make an

atheist than a Christian, is well known, and often quoted. See how a mind, like Newton's, can perceive the harmony between natural and religious science; and see it perceive this, with steady, dignified, and delighted calmness: most unlike some, who seem to take alarm at the sound of the very word, religion, with about as much good sense and grace, as a school-boy at sundry ominous appellations of ghosts and goblins. Possibly, like school-boys, they are scared at their own fancies: but to hear Newton: "If natural philosophy in all its parts, by pursuing this method of analysis and induction, shall at length be perfected, the bounds of moral philosophy will be also enlarged. For, so far as we can know by natural philosophy, what is the First Cause, what power He has over us, and what benefits we receive from him; so far our duty towards him, as well as towards one another, will appear to us by the light of nature."*

NOTE L. p. 27.

How noble is the sentiment with which Malebranche closes his celebrated work, on a Search after Truth.

"Etenim cum probis, aliquot annos in quarundam rerum ignorantia versari, et uno temporis momento lumen in æternum duraturum consequi, quam naturalibus mediis ingenti cum applicatione et labore scientiam imperfectam, quæque nos in æternis relinquat tenebris, adipisci, longe satius est."

It is far better to suffer with the good, under an ignorance of many things, and at length in a moment of time to be blessed with light which will never fade away; than it is, with much pains-taking and toil, to become proficients in sciences which may soon leave us, surrounded by the necessities of another state of being, in everlasting darkness.

> World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
> In arts and sciences, in war and peace;
> But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
> And make thee twice a beggar at thy death."—Young, Night 8th.

* See Sedgwick's Discourse before the University of Cambridge, Eng. p. 107.

I wished, on page 25, to add the name of LINNAEUS, but could not, at the moment, find such testimony of his regard to religion as was wanted. The following quotation respecting him, has just met my eye; though it is to be regretted that, after newspaper fashion, the authority is not given.

"The deeper he penetrated into the secrets of nature, the more he admired the wisdom of the Creator. He praised his wisdom in his works, recommended it by his speeches, and honored it by his actions. Wherever he found an opportunity of expatiating on the greatness, the providence and omnipotence of God, which frequently happened in his lectures and botanical excursions, his heart glowed with celestial fire, and his mouth poured forth torrents of admirable eloquence."—Epis. Recorder, Nov. 28, 1835.

To the case of the University of Armagh, mentioned in Note A., it may be added, that just before Wiclif's time, about A. D. 1300, the University of Oxford had 30,000 students; and that it was thought *a sad thing* to have this number, in consequence of ecclesiastical and political troubles, reduced to 6,000. So much for the dark ages!

See in Wiclif's New Testament, Memoirs of Wiclif, p. xi.

To fill the page, I add two verses of Cunningham, which not inaptly illustrate a sentiment advanced in the address, viz: that there is a light which sometimes dazzles by its brightness—that we may be too prying.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse;
It glows serenely gay:
Come Science! by my side advance,
We'll search the milky way.

Let us descend—The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.